

## THE BOURBON NEWS

SWIFT CHAMP, Publisher

PARIS, KENTUCKY

## A WAYSIDE CABIN.

Alone it stands, in the weedy lap of a hollow, dusk and dim;  
Above its sagging ridge-pole peeps the chimney's ragged rim.  
The feathered plume of maple dips down to the wind-wash;  
The gables melt in the velvet of willow and elm and ash.

A mellow bank to the westward of violet fleece hung wide  
The low sun stains, as a rose-leaf might a purple vase's side.  
The afterglow on the forest melts, and sits faint amber through,  
Till the buckeye's branching antlers drip with a film of golden dew.

The door swings slack, and the moss and mold its under edge befringe;  
Wild potato and buckwheat vines have tangled its one lone hinge.  
Umber and tan, the toddlers push through rifts in the cabin floor,  
And birds have built in the chimney throat, where the blaze shall dance no more.

Here is the trail of a ruined fence, a field's forsaken sweep,  
Its edges girt with mullein spikes, its half-lost furrows deep  
In webs of balm and moneywort and rivers of grassy mist,  
Alight with the scarlet milkweed bloom and thistles' amethyst.

But who was he who tilled the field when the furrowed lines were new,  
And down through the dewy green arched the singing corn-leaves blew?  
And whose the careful, busy hand that over the window-frame  
Entwined the woodland brier-vine with its soft rosettes of flame?

The forest-fragrant breezes sigh through the cabin bare and lone,  
But tell no tale of the sojourners its shaggy walls have known.  
The leaves that dance to the call of spring with autumn's frosts grow red—  
The wheel of time spins swiftly on, but here is a broken thread.

Chimney and cold the dew and mist brush over my face like spray,  
As out of the hollow's damp and gloom I seek my homeward way.  
A splinter of moonlight falls across the rough old cabin floor,  
And heavy scent of night blow in through the idly gaping door.  
—Hattie Whitney, in Youth's Companion.

## THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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## CHAPTER X.

## SEYMOUR THE SLEUTH.

No word had been received from Mr. Bernard Seymour since his departure from St. Louis, at which time he requested that \$500 be forwarded to him at New Orleans. It was a peculiarity of the Bernard Seymour telegrams that they always contained stipulations for fresh funds. Mr. Stevens had a hearty respect for the Seymour luck. He overlooked any slight irregularities in methods, and accordingly telegraphed the money, and also full instructions concerning the search for the architect and contractor in charge of the supposititious Hestor country house.

No answer came from Mr. Seymour. When the staff of reporters arrived in New Orleans, they learned that Mr. Seymour had registered at the St. Charles Hotel. He had cashed the money order, but had not occupied his room, nor had he been seen at the hotel since the time of the financial transaction. The new arrivals made a vain search for the missing sleuth, and then went briskly to work without him.

When Bernard Seymour arrived in New Orleans, he was, as he expressed it, "much the worse for wear." When he learned that he had caused the arrest of a famous Chicago clergyman, instead of L. Sylvester Vincent, he lost no time in quitting St. Louis. He abandoned his baggage at the Planters' Hotel, and took the first train south.

Seymour arrived in New Orleans the following evening. He decided that the "West End"—the breathing place of the Southern metropolis—would be the most congenial place to begin operations. The "West End" is a cluster of hotels, fringing the bathing beaches on the south shore of Lake Pontchartrain, and serves as a more aristocratic Coney Island to New Orleans. Mr. Seymour found it brilliant with rows of electric lights. A score of orchestras and bands were blending their harmonies with the murmur of the pleasure-seeking throng.

"Hello, Seymour."

A heavy set man, with his face marked by a cavernous grin, pushed his way through a crowd and slapped Mr. Bernard Seymour on the shoulder.

"Well, you little ferret, what are you doing in New Orleans?"

"Sir!"

"That's what I said—sir! Will you have a drink, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Now I understand you," said Mr. Seymour. "Well, you old Indian, I did not know you were down here. What are you doing? Who are you doing?"

"Nothing and nobody," said Mr. Dick Bender. Mr. Bender was a newspaper man, whose natural ability was obscured by habits more congenial than regular. An excellent writer, he seldom held a position more than three months. He was the journalistic prototype of the tramp printer.

"Up against it, eh?" asked Seymour.

"I surely am up against it good and hard."

Dick Bender tossed off a big drink, and grinned as if his hard luck were something to be contemplated with joy.

"You don't drink enough, Dick," said Seymour. "You are a social recluse. Your abstinence has become a matter of common gossip. You should thaw out once in a while and become a mixer."

"Never mind my failings. Answer me some questions," said Mr. Bender, resting his foot on the rail, and swinging his arm in an easy position across the mahogany. "What are you doing in New Orleans?"

"None of your business."

"True, but not to the point. I know what you are doing. You are on the kidnapped millionaire case."

"Some one must have told you. The witness refuses to commit himself. Will you have another drink?"

"They had several. Under their influence Seymour told Dick Bender his mission, but was too discreet to reveal any information which had been received from New York. He invited Mr. Bender to take dinner with him, and that gentleman was too polite to refuse."

When Mr. Seymour awoke the following afternoon he was in a narrow bunk, which seemed to rise and fall as to the heave of a ship. He ascribed this to natural causes and went to sleep. When he again awoke it was dark. For a moment he lay quiet. To his ears came the splash of waters and the groaning and muttering of a ship. By the smoky light of a lantern he found his clothes scattered on the floor. He put them on as fast as possible, but the operation was delayed by the swaying of the room. The heavy breathing of a sleeper in an opposite bunk seemed to beat time to the motion of the ship. Seymour opened the curtains and peered in. It was Mr. Dick Bender. Seymour shook him savagely.

"Wake up, Bender!" he said as he clawed the sleeper around the bunk. "Wake up! We are kidnapped by pirates!"

Bender opened his eyes, blinked, groaned, and dropped back into an untroubled sleep. Seymour again aroused him.

"We are kidnapped, I tell you!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Wake up, and prepare to die like a man!"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Bender, and he again closed his eyes. But Seymour was persistent, and finally succeeded in arousing the drowsy Bender. While he was dressing, the door opened and a broad-shouldered sailor stepped into the apartment. Seymour looked for a weapon, but there was none in sight. The man surveyed them calmly for a moment and said:

"I thought I would come and wake you all up. When you gets on your togs, come on deck. You must be hungry by this time."

Seymour looked at him doubtfully.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"First mate," said the man.

"First mate of what? You don't look like a pirate."

The man laughed with a chuckle which rumbled from the depths of a massive chest.

"Guess you gents is a bit mixed," he said. "Forgotten me, hev ye? I'm first mate of the schooner 'Sam Walker.' You knew me last night all right."

"You have slipped my memory since," said Seymour. "Where are we, and where are we supposed to be going?"

"Come on deck," said the first mate. "It is hot below. Come on deck and meet Captain Parker. Prob'ly you know him better," and the sailor opened the door and went away.

"Well, what do you think of this?" said Seymour as he sat down on the edge of the bunk to collect his thoughts. "Do you know anything about it, Bender?"

"Not a thing," said that gentleman. "I remember meeting some sailor men somewhere. That's all."

They stumbled through a passage-way and up a narrow flight of stairs. A draught of fresh night air struck their faces and was delightfully cool and refreshing. The outline of a short, stocky seaman, with a gleam of gold braid on shoulders and cap, was silhouetted at the head of the winding stairs. He stepped forward as Seymour and Bender came in sight.

"Haou de ye dew, Mr. Seymour," he said, extending a large, freckled hand, which Mr. Seymour grasped rather cautiously. "Haou air ye, Mister Bender? Did ye sleep sound?"

"I should say we did," said Seymour, reassured by the cordiality of the greeting and by the honest face of the Yankee skipper. "We are a bit mixed about this voyage, Captain. How did we come aboard, and where are we headed for?"

"I reckon you boys war a bit slewed up last night, or rather this mornin'," said Captain Parker. "Ain't ye hungry? I reckon so. Ther cook has somethin' ready for ye. Come on and eat it while it's good and hot, and I will tell ye all erbout it."

They went into the little cabin. The darkey cook appeared with a steaming dish of steak, some hot corn bread, baked potatoes, coffee and vegetables. The voyagers fell upon the savory spread with avidity.

After eating a few minutes Seymour said to the captain: "Kindly explain to us how we happen to enjoy your hospitality on the good ship 'Sam Walker.'"

It was a long story, but the essence of it was that Bill Howe, the first mate of the "Sam Walker," was on shore leave, and at an early hour had met the convivial Seymour and Bender. They had declared the sail-

or the best fellow in the world, and would not listen to his departure.

"You and Bill have in sight about six o'clock this mornin'," said Capt. Parker, as he passed the steak to Seymour for the third time. "Of course, I seen that ye was a bit under the weather, but ye talked all square and fair, sayin' ye wanted to take a cruise, and when I said the 'Sam Walker' wuz goin' to Havana, you said that wuz the place ye wanted ter go to. So you paid me the money for passage for both of ye, and we cast off and headed out inter the Gulf erbout eight o'clock this ere mornin'. Ye fooled around awhile, clum out on ther bowsprit, did various monkeyshines, and then went below. That's all that is, and then Capt. Parker laughed with a vigor hearty and pleasing."

"From early childhood I have longed to go to Havana," said Mr. Seymour. "Why I should select this special time is not readily apparent, but it is well. Cheer up, Bender! Once again an aqueous toast to Capt. Parker and his gallant crew."

Having done ample justice to the food before them, the voyagers followed Capt. Parker to the deck of the vessel. The "Sam Walker" was a large, three-masted schooner. They found seats on the after deck. A big Swede stood at the wheel, and lazily revolved it as the fresh breeze came in irregular gusts from the southwest. The air was fragrant with the odor of newly-sawed lumber, and Seymour noticed, for the first time, that the decks between the masts were piled high with timber.

"Hev a seegar," said Capt. Parker, passing a box to Mr. Seymour. "I kin afford to be generous, seein' as how you bought 'em. You gave me twenty dollars and told me to buy the best thar was; and I reckon you'll find them all right."

"You seem to be in the lumber trade," said Seymour, as he took a cigar and passed the box to Dick Bender.

"Yes, I haul a right smart of lumber an' stuff in the course of a year," said Capt. Parker. "Like all New England Yankees who live in southern states, his dialect was a mixture of northern and southern idioms."

"You must know some contractors," said Seymour. "Though his field of detective endeavor was limited to the area of a 'lumber hooker,' on the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico, the newspaper instinct was strong within him."

"Reckon I know erbout all ther contractors in an' round New Or-



LET'S SEE; WHAT IN THUNDER WAS HIS NAME?

leans," said Capt. Parker, with some pride. "The 'Sam Walker' has carried many a batch of timber up an' down these here coasts."

"Did you ever carry any lumber for a man named Walter B. Hestor?" asked Seymour. "Talk about your thousand to one shots," he said to himself, "this certainly is one of them."

"Hestor?" said Capt. Parker reflectively. "Hestor? Thar ain't no contractor by that name that I ever heern on."

"He is not a contractor," explained Seymour. "He is a New York millionaire, whom I know very well. He built a house on some island in the West Indies a year or so ago."

"What sort of a man wuz he?" asked Capt. Parker. "What did he dew?"

"He did newspaper work for fun," said Seymour. "He had lots of money, and went all over the world looking for good stories."

"Did he own a yacht—a steam yacht?"

"Yes," answered Seymour, leaning forward in his excitement. "Say, Bill!"

The first mate was talking with the Swede wheelsman. He stepped over and joined the group when Capt. Parker called him.

"What wuz ther name of that dude who owned the 'Shark'?" he asked. "You know who I mean. The one that Col. McIntyre built that air house for."

Seymour dropped his cigar. The temptation to yell almost overwhelmed him.

"Let's see; what in thunder was his name?" said the big sailor, removing his cap and running his hand through a mass of red hair. "Some-thing like Hanson or Hampton. That ain't it. There was an 's' in it. He was an odd sort of a fish. Raising hell all the time. Let's see, Hissor, Hissor, Hissor, Hestor—that's it. I knew dummed well I could think of it. He had the steam yacht 'Shark' and a quiet sort of a chap named Waters was her captain. Mighty fine boat, the 'Shark!' Run like thunder and lightning! Why? What about him?"

Seymour gave Bender a violent kick on the shin.

"Nothin'. This here gentleman was askin' erbout him," said Capt. Parker.

"Hestor is an old friend of mine," explained Seymour. "Where is the Col. McIntyre you spoke of? Is he a New Orleans contractor?"

"He used ter be," said Capt. Parker. "He has moved ter Havana. This here load of lumber is fer him. He's buildin' a new hotel in Havana."

"Is he in Havana now?"

"Suppose so," said the captain. "Guess he'll be down ter the dock ter see us come in. He's in er mighty big burry erbout this 'ere bunch of lumber. Bin' telegraphin' and raisin' blazes erbout it."

Seymour changed the subject. He was so elated that he felt like climbing the shrouds, and yelling like a Comanche Indian. The one thing which worried him was whether or not he had told Bender anything about Hestor during the preceding evening. The look of pained surprise on Bender's face, when his ankle felt the impact of Seymour's foot, was evidence that he knew nothing of Hestor or his complicity in the millionaire mystery.

Seymour vented his joy and concealed his triumph in song. The temptation to celebrate in drink was strong, but his repentance was sincere and his determination to reform was earnest. So he sang. As a vocalist, Mr. Seymour was handicapped by the circumstance that he knew neither the words nor the tune to any song. What he lacked in technique was recompensed in energy. His first effort, as expressed in words, was about as follows:

"To ho, my lads, the wind blows free;  
A pleasant gale is on the sea—  
And here we rumble de tum, de tum,  
Ra le dada, de tum, dum, dum,  
And ere we part from England's shore to-night,  
A song we'll sing to home da rumty dight  
Then here's to the sailor,  
Here's to his heart so true (sing there, Bender!)"

Who will think of him upon the waters  
blu-u-u-u-e.

(All together.)  
Sailing, sailing, over the mountain main;  
And many a stormy wind shall blow 'ere  
Jack comes home again.

Sailing, sailing, der rumty, dum de dain,  
And many a stormy wind shall  
blu-o-o-o-ow  
'Ere Jack comes ho-o-ome a-a-a-again!"

The negro cook stood in the companion-way and joined in the chorus with a deep baritone, which did much to neutralize the rather harsh tenor of the eager Seymour, and the uncertain bass of Mr. Dick Bender. Capt. Parker did not sing, but was liberal in his applause.

[To Be Continued.]

## The Dove and the Cat.

Major Shattuck of the signal corps tells an amusing story of an old-time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic, through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit, the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well at the start; the church was packed; the preacher's text was "In the form of a dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived—the signal was given—and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up to the ceiling and beholding a cat, with a clothes line around its middle, jowling and spitting, being slowly lowered over the preacher's head. The preacher called out to the sexton in the attic: "What's de dove?" And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block: "Inside de cat!" —Chicago Daily News.

## How Jacques Tissot Painted.

An interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French painter, lately deceased. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture and, meeting a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a chef d'oeuvre," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the painting. "Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. Tissot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished he sent for his fair critic, who pronounced it "admirable," and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism. "Are you satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady departed. "No," answered the artist, and set to work for the third time.

When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion, and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray. "Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend. And Tissot said, "Yes."

## Couldn't Get Hang of It.

Bridget and Norah Murphy, fresh from the mosquitoes of Ellis Island, had set out to make their "return calls" on their cousins, the McGooligans, at service in an aristocratic part of the city. Upon arriving at the house, instead of being confronted by the usual bell knob, nothing but a stinging, mean apology of a knob in the shape of a little black button met them. Bridget got hold of the button and gave it a pull, but her fingers slipped before there was any audible ring from within. Again and again she tried with the same result, until she turned the knob over to "Nonie." Then the latter yanked and twisted without success, until both stood on the landing gazing helplessly at each other. Then light came to Bridget.

"I'll tell you phwat it is," she said. "They're playin' th' joke on us fur greenhorns an' th' divilg are witha bouldin' th' shtrins!"

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SALEM, IND., Feb. 5, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and I must confess they did me wonderful good. It seems strange to say that I had tried several kinds of kidney medicines without doing me any good. I had backache, pain in my bladder and scalding urine, and the sample package sent me stopped it all in a few days, and with the package I am now using from our drug store I expect to be cured permanently. It is wonderful, but sure and certain the medicine does its work. I was in constant misery until I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills."—CHAS. R. COOK, P. O. Box 90, Salem, Washington Co., Ill.

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"I don't see anything funny about that supposedly humorous book of his, do you?"  
"Why, yes; it's funny how he found a publisher."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Three trains a day Chicago to California, Oregon and Washington. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

A man's bull-headedness is his worst enemy.—Chicago Daily News.

SOUTH BARTONVILLE, ILL., Feb. 3, 1903.—"I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills and have bought several boxes of my druggist. They have done me much good. I was hardly able to do any work until I began taking them; now I can work all day and my back does not get the least bit tired." BIRD GRAY.

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## LADY ON EDITORIAL STAFF OF LEADING RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

Sends the Following Grand Testimonial to the Merits of Cuticura Remedies in the Treatment of Humours of the Blood, Skin and Scalp.

"I wish to give my testimony to the efficiency of the Cuticura Remedies in what seems to me two somewhat remarkable cases. I had a number of skin tumours—small ones—on my arms which had never given me serious trouble; but about two years ago one came on my throat. At first it was only about as large as a pinhead, but, as it was in a position where my collar, if not just right, would irritate it, it soon became very sensitive and began to grow rapidly. Last spring it was as large, if not larger, than a bean. A little unusual irritation of my collar started it to swelling, and in a day or two it was as large as half an orange. I was very much alarmed, and was at a loss to determine whether it was a carbuncle or a malignant tumor.



"My friends tried to persuade me to consult my physician; but dreading that he would insist on using the knife, I would not consent to go. Instead I got a small bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I took the former according to directions, and spread a thick layer of the Ointment on a linen cloth and placed it on the swelling. On renewing it I would bathe my neck in very warm water and Cuticura Soap. In a few days the Cuticura Ointment had drawn the swelling to a head, when it broke. Every morning it was opened with a large sterilized needle, squeezed and bathed, and fresh Ointment put on. Pus and blood, and a yellow, cheesy, tumorous matter came out. In about three or four weeks' time this treatment completely eliminated boil and tumor. The soreness that had ex-

tended down into my chest was all gone, and my neck now seems to be perfectly well.

"About five or six years ago my sister had a similar experience. She had two large lumps come under her right arm, the result of a sprain. They grew rapidly, and our physician wanted to cut them out. I would not listen to it, and she tried the Cuticura Remedies (as I did a few months ago) with magical effect. In six weeks' time the lumps had entirely disappeared, and have never returned.

"I have great faith in the Cuticura Remedies, and I believe they might be as efficacious in similar cases with other people, and thus save much suffering, and perhaps life. I have derived so much benefit from the use of them myself that I am constantly advising others to use them. Recently I recommended them to an office boy for his father, who was disabled with salt rheum. The man's feet were swollen to an enormous size, and he had not worked for six weeks. Two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment worked a perfect cure. You never saw a more grateful man in your life.

"I am very much interested in another case where I have recommended Cuticura just now. My housemaid's mother has a goitre which had reached a very dangerous point. The doctors told her that nothing could be done; that she could live only two or three weeks, and that she would die of strangulation. She was confined to her bed, and was unable to speak, when her daughter, at my suggestion, tried the effect of the Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. Strange to say, she was very shortly relieved of the most distressing symptoms. The swelling seemed to be exteriorized, and she is now able to be around her house, and can talk as well as ever.

"It seems to me that I have pretty good grounds for believing that Cuticura Remedies will prove successful in the most distressing forms of blood and skin humours, and if you wish to use my testimonial as herein indicated, I am willing that you should do so, with the further privilege of revealing my name and address to such persons as may wish to substantiate the above statements by personal letter to me."

Chicago, Nov. 12, 1903.

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